ther's a hole made in your beſt coate (Maſter *Ford*:) this 'tis to bee marryed; this 'tis to haue Lynnen, and Buck-baskets: Well, I will proclaime my ſelfe what I am; I will now take the Leacher; hee is at my houſe; hee cannot ſcape mee; 'tis impoſſible hee ſhould: hee cannot creepe into a halfe-penny purſe, not into a Pepper-Boxe. But leſt the Diuell that guides him, ſhould aide him, I will ſearch impoſſible places: though what I am, I cannot auoide; yet to bee what I would not, ſhall not make me tame; If I haue hornes, to make one mad, let the prouerbe goe with mee, ile bee horne-mad. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Miſtris Page, Quickly, William, Euens:

Miſ Page. Is he at M. *Fords* already think'ſt thou?

Qui. Sure hee is by this; or will bee preſently; but truely hee is very couragious mad, about his throwing into the water. Miſtris *Ford* deſires you to come ſodainely.

Miſ. Page. Ile be with her by and by; ile but bring my yong-man here to Schoole; looke where his Maſter comes; 'tis a playing day, I ſee: how now Sir *Hugh*, no Schoole to day?

Euans. No, Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſ. Page. Sir *Hugh*, my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke; I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Euans. Come hither *William*; hold vp your head; come.

Miſ. Page. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Euans. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui.